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thetic performance of the task: a letter to that effect having been written to a contemporary by the editor of *Hanover Square*. The ballad, "Twenty years ago," by E. L. Hime, is cut to the pattern so long established as to be always saleable. It is not bad of its kind, however; and the words, by J. E. Carpenter, are decidedly above the average.

LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON AND CO.

La Fiorina, Chanson Toscaine, pour le Piano. Par Jacques Blumenthal.

THIS is No. 1 of "Chansons Populaires de la Toscane," transcribed for the pianoforte by an arranger and composer who holds a good name in what may be termed the regions of "fashionable music." The transcription under notice is effectively written; and there is sufficient character given to the various embellishments with which the theme is surrounded to make it a pleasing piece in those "salons" where this class of music holds undisputed sway. The air is extremely melodious.

Love for Love. Canzonet. Words by Barry Cornwall.
Hope in Tears. Song. Words by Alfred Tennyson.

Both composed by Alexander S. Cooper.

BARRY CORNWALL'S words have been set with much musical feeling by Mr. Cooper; and the accompaniment, flowing throughout in semiquavers, is simply and effectively written. The second song pleases us less. Tennyson's poetry requires something more than a mere melody, which shall speak the words. A definite character, such as the author has thrown around the incident he relates, is necessary, before the music can be in true sympathy with the poem.

EVANS AND CO.

Alone, beside the calm bright Sea. Song. Written by J. P. Douglas, Esq. Composed by William Beechey Graham.

AN unpretending, melodious ballad, harmonized just as such compositions should be. To show that we really admire this song, we counsel Mr. Graham, in the next edition, to add a G to the chord of the 6th on B; and an E to the chord of the 6th on C, in the last bar of the third line, page 3. The chords will thus be enriched; and the consecutive octaves between the accompaniment and bass (C,D) can be removed by taking the Dominant 7th at once on D.

METZLER AND CO.

Exeter Hall. No. 8, vol. 2. September.

THERE is much feeling for the words in Mr. Stephen Glover's song, "Forsake me not," in the present number of this Magazine, even if the composition do not strike us as being really "sacred." We have little sympathy with Mr. Boyton Smith's "arrangement" of Haydn's "Introduction and Gloria" from the *First Mass*. What should Mr. Boyton Smith have to do with the work, save to arrange Haydn's own notes for the pianoforte? It will be difficult, indeed, for the majority of players who purchase "Exeter Hall" to separate Smith from Haydn; and this is certainly not the way to inculcate a taste for sacred music amongst our amateurs. Mr. Hullah's Hymn Tune, "Speed thy servants," (a simple melody carefully harmonized) and an arrangement by Mr. Clare, of some very monotonous music to the epitaph attributed to Milton, complete the vocal portion of the number. Dr. Rimbauld's "Sunday Evenings at the Harmonium" would cover a multitude of sins in other portions of the periodical; for, under this title are included several pure and skillful arrangements of some of the works of our best classical sacred composers.

La Zingara. Danse Bohemienne, pour le Piano. Par Charles Gounod.

THIS piece is somewhat more elaborate than we usually expect in dance music. Divided into distinct movements,

it forms a very excellent composition; and is so full of the character suggested by the title that it cannot fail to please. We particularly admire the opening phrase, in G minor; and an "Allegretto Scherzando," which occurs just before the re-introduction of the original theme, although by no means easy to play, will be found highly effective. The piece is wound up with a brilliant *coda*.

In the Spring Time. Madrigal.

The Dreamer. Reverie.

Both composed by Charles Gounod.

THESE vocal compositions, as may be imagined, are full of originality; and although occasionally wanting in clearness of design, are always interesting, and instinct with real musical feeling. It must be first stated that the "Madrigal" is a solo; and is, we presume, intended by the composer for a tenor or soprano voice; although we perceive that a transposed edition is also published for a baritone or contralto. The melody is extremely elegant; and there is a figure in the accompaniment which is excellently woven in with the voice part; the pedal bass, however, being in our opinion somewhat overdone. "The Dreamer" commences with a melodious and appropriately dreamy theme, accompanied with some chords which, although perhaps scarcely orthodox, have not a bad effect. In much of the music of this composer, we meet with so many peculiar—not to say crude—harmonies and modulations, that we are not astonished at the abrupt changes of key which occur in this song; but we cannot believe that the patchy phrases, commencing on the words "One star shakes on the brim of night," can have been suggested spontaneously by the poetry. The return to the original key, and end of the first verse, too, has to us an effect of suddenness which is by no means pleasing. As we have already said, however, both songs are lifted above the average specimens of modern vocal music; and, as such, deserve the consideration of cultivated singers.

Marion. Song. Composed by William Hain.

THE melody of this song is impassioned; and the words are well expressed; but the effect is marred by an obstinate accompaniment, which marches on in octaves with the voice part almost throughout, to a triplet bass. A vocalist would find this painfully dragging; and we should recommend the composer to re-consider the matter in a future edition.

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER AND DYER.

Part-Music, for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Edited by John Hullah. Sacred Series, Part 10.

"O MAGNIFY the Lord," to a fine Fugue, by Spohr; two Motets—"Plead thou my cause," by Giovanni Croce, and "Methinks I hear," by Dr. Crotch—an effective Hymn, "To Thee, my God," by Charles Vervouille, and a Canon, "Praise the Lord," by Thomas A. Walmisley, are the compositions contained in the present number of this serial, which seems carefully edited and ably conducted.

SACRED MUSIC.

From *The Queen*, September 5th, 1868.

1. *O praise the Lord, ye Angels.* Full Anthem.
2. *O Lord, how manifold are Thy works.* Anthem.
3. *King all glorious.* Motet.

By Joseph Barnby. (Novello, Ewer and Co.)

THESE three works contain much capital music, and they moreover evince such heartiness, enthusiasm, and such lofty aspiration as would entitle their author to consideration, were their intrinsic merits much less. Mr. Joseph Barnby, connected more or less throughout his life with the service of the Church, has now for some years held the responsible post of organist and choirmaster at St. Andrew's, Wells-street, where, it is not saying too much to affirm that the musical portion of the service is better rendered than by most of our Cathedral choirs.

Influenced by such belongings, it is extremely natural that Mr. Barnby should have turned his attention as a composer, to the music of the Church of England, and that he should have derived some of his happiest inspirations from Holy Writ. The Anthems before us are worthy examples of this rising musician's talent, and will doubtless enhance his well-earned reputation."

"*O praise the Lord, ye Angels*, the words from the 103rd Psalm, is capitally voiced, and accompanied with the skill of one accustomed to handle the king of instruments. The phrase with which the tenors lead off in the key of C is bold, and the different time and accent take off from its resemblance to the principal subject in Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*. There are many good points in this Anthem, but none more admirable than the *coda*, which, from the sequence commencing at page 8 down to the end, is closely wrought, and highly exciting. The chord of F major (the minor seventh of the scale) is well introduced, and as brilliant and startling as ever. This Anthem was originally written for an Introit, but afterwards enlarged, and it perhaps suffers in consequence of this change of design, the length of the work appearing somewhat disproportionate to the subject, which is after all but a phrase."

"*O Lord, how manifold are Thy works*, Harvest Anthem, although a shorter composition, is of superior merit to that just noticed. Its principal subject is animated and striking, and all the second part (in the key of F) charmingly pastoral and picturesque; while the conclusion, "Praise the Lord, O my soul"—with the inevitable flat seventh, always expected and always welcome—is brilliant and forcible. Does it strike Mr. Barnby that the harmony of the last crotchet in bar 4 of page 6 might be advantageously changed? For our part, we should rejoice to see G in the bass, and E natural in the alto parts, instead of the notes now standing, and which induce a weakness, the same chord having done duty already in the same bar. One other harmony we should like modified. The last chord of line 1, page 1, is not worthy the large, majestic character of the work generally, and savours of the theatre more than the church. Why not E *flat* bass, C *natural* treble?"

"*King all glorious*, the Motet, is the most ambitious of these recent compositions by Mr. Barnby, and, to his honour be it recorded, it is unquestionably the most successful. The tenor voice gives out the very interesting subject, solo; this is repeated by the whole choir; the tenor then continues and finishes its beautiful and most effective solo, fancifully accompanied by the organ; and the resumption of the first subject (chorus) brings this section of the work to a close in the key of D. The bass voice then has a solo in G minor, which is as beautiful as it is thoroughly vocal and musical. The organ accompaniment here again, and indeed throughout the Motet, is a highly finished piece of writing. After the bass solo the original subject is once more resumed by the choir; this time very piano, and accompanied in semiquavers. A very original *coda*, Alleluia, then brings this excellent composition, in the course of which there is but one note open to question (the E sharp in the organ part, bar 1, line 2 of last page), brilliantly, and with the utmost *éclat*, to its final culmination."

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; and in Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. Full Anthems.

By Berthold Tours. (Novello, Ewer & Co.)

"Mr. Berthold Tours, with whose name even we have no previous acquaintance, is a thorough musician; and although he adopts a style which is scarcely in keeping with the class of composition he essays, it must nevertheless be admitted that he handles his materials in masterly style, and that he perfectly understands what he is about. In the Anthem in C major, "Blessed are they," for instance, although there is a sequence commencing in G minor, modulating into E flat, then to A flat minor, and finally to E, four sharps! and although the harmony is so chromatic, and the style so free that it might be a chorus from an

opera, there is such vigour, such force, and such striking effect withal, that we may not withhold our admiration. The other Anthem, "In Thee, O Lord," is hardly up to the same standard, although it likewise is distinguished by passages of great power. Mr. Tours has rare facility, and, while deprecating much of his manner, it is impossible not to admire the ease and fluency which these compositions exhibit in so remarkable a degree."

Original Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL TIMES.

SIR,—In your February number you were kind enough to review an Oratorio of mine. Perceiving, by a recent circular, that you invite correspondence, will you allow me to correct an error into which you have fallen respecting the production of this work. Of course your notice "knocked me out of time" entirely, because other critics copied your tone, many your very words. And as the notice was *written*, if not actually printed, *before* the thing was performed, even the tardy admission that the room was filled, and the people pleased, failed to repair the havoc you considered it your duty to make. You assume that my work was submitted to the public in the first instance without being shown to the professional world; or that it was not submitted to competent judges *in manuscript*. If you had thought for a moment of the practicability of multiplying by means of the pen alone, a score of two or three hundred pages, you would never have used the taunt. But to show you how unjust it was, I will, at the risk of being charged with egotism, name a *few* of the very numerous circle of professional men to whom the manuscript was shown by myself before publication. Mr. Charles Horsley, who conducted it on one occasion; the three other gentlemen who conducted it upon three other occasions, whom I need not name; Mr. John Hullah, Mr. Jules Benedict, Dr. Rimbault, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Professor Oakeley, and others, whom it is not necessary to mention. Some preferred one number, others another, but the general verdict was the same as that given by the public on the night of its performance. If a new work is received with applause, such is mentioned in *all* your reports, be the work what it may, as an evidence of its suiting the taste of the listeners. But in my case, even the wrapt attention of an audience of some hundreds, extending over a period of three hours, goes for nothing; less than nothing. "It only shows that the people, as well as the composer, were out of their senses." For "Not for Joe," it is a great recommendation to be *nightly encored*; but for a solo from a new Oratorio to be encored, that is decidedly against the work. From the representative of a journal such as yours, I had hoped better things. That, as you say, you "would have been pleased to know nothing of this Oratorio," is no doubt the truth, and is the key to your devout wish concerning its fate. I point to the acknowledged state and condition of musical opinion, and ask, "Whom are we to follow? Who can give an authoritative opinion?" Do not the works that our musical critics most unsparingly condemn sell the best; and do not works from the pens of composers spoken of in their pet papers as the very highest of their time fall dead from the press? Comic songs, not worth naming, will return thousands of pounds to their lucky proprietors, while a concerto from the greatest of living artists will not circulate fifty copies. If I had said five, I should have been nearer the truth. There is something wrong somewhere. Will not those whose office it is to *lead* public opinion, endeavour to show us where lies the error? It would be much better employment than abusing one another. Allow me humbly to suggest that musical men are in the dark respecting *melodic outline*. In what does it consist; where lies its enchantment, and its durability? Next, they are "at sea," with regard to "rhythm." Too much of your space I am unwilling to occupy; but these two points are, to my mind, of such paramount importance, that I cannot remain silent upon them. I find